

# Crawford Avalanche.

Maurer & Masters.

EVERY MAN IN THE RIGHT IS MY BROTHER.

Publishers.

VOL. I.

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN, September 3, 1879.

NO. 19.

Michigan Central Railroad.  
SAGINAW DIVISION.  
Time Table May 25, 1879.

NORTHWARD			
STATIONS	Ma.	Arr. W and Bay City	Thru to Jackson
Bay City	7:00 a.m.	7:25 p.m.	7:45 a.m.
West Bay City	7:15	7:40	8:00
St. Charles	7:30	7:55	8:15
Holt	7:45	8:10	8:30
Laurens	8:00	8:25	8:45
North Lansing	8:15	8:40	9:00
Bath	8:30	8:55	9:15
Lansing	8:45	9:10	9:30
Bennington	9:00	9:25	9:45
St. Charles	9:15	9:40	10:00
Bay City	9:30	9:55	10:15
West Bay City	9:45	10:10	10:30
St. Charles	10:00	10:25	10:45
Holt	10:15	10:40	11:00
Laurens	10:30	10:55	11:15
North Lansing	10:45	11:10	11:30
Bath	11:00	11:25	11:45
Lansing	11:15	11:40	12:00
Bennington	11:30	11:55	12:15
St. Charles	11:45	12:10	12:30
Bay City	12:00	12:25	12:45

SOUTHWARD			
STATIONS	Ma.	Arr. W and Bay City	Thru to Jackson
Bay City	6:30 a.m.	6:55 p.m.	7:15 a.m.
West Bay City	6:45	7:10	7:30
St. Charles	7:00	7:25	7:45
Holt	7:15	7:40	8:00
Laurens	7:30	7:55	8:15
North Lansing	7:45	8:10	8:30
Bath	8:00	8:25	8:45
Lansing	8:15	8:40	9:00
Bennington	8:30	8:55	9:15
St. Charles	8:45	9:10	9:30
Bay City	9:00	9:25	9:45
West Bay City	9:15	9:40	10:00
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North Lansing	10:15	10:40	11:00
Bath	10:30	10:55	11:15
Lansing	10:45	11:10	11:30
Bennington	11:00	11:25	11:45
St. Charles	11:15	11:40	12:00
Bay City	11:30	11:55	12:15

CONNECTIONS—At Bay City with  
Bay City Division for Lapeer, Port  
Huron, Detroit, and all points east,  
and with Mackinaw Division for all  
points North, and at Jackson with  
Main and Air Lines and Grand Rapids  
Division.

MACKINAW DIVISION			
SOUTHWARD			
STATIONS	Freight	Mail	Pass.
Bay City	8:15 a.m.	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
West Bay City	8:30	8:45	9:00
St. Charles	8:45	9:00	9:15
Holt	9:00	9:15	9:30
Laurens	9:15	9:30	9:45
North Lansing	9:30	9:45	10:00
Bath	9:45	10:00	10:15
Lansing	10:00	10:15	10:30
Bennington	10:15	10:30	10:45
St. Charles	10:30	10:45	11:00
Bay City	10:45	11:00	11:15

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STATIONS	Freight	Mail	Pass.
Bay City	8:15 a.m.	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
West Bay City	8:30	8:45	9:00
St. Charles	8:45	9:00	9:15
Holt	9:00	9:15	9:30
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Bath	9:45	10:00	10:15
Lansing	10:00	10:15	10:30
Bennington	10:15	10:30	10:45
St. Charles	10:30	10:45	11:00
Bay City	10:45	11:00	11:15

For all trains daily except Sunday.  
G. B. BUSH, H. B. LEVARD,  
Dist. Supt. Bay City. Genl. Supt. Det.  
E. C. BROWN,  
Assistant General Supt. Jackson.  
HENRY C. WENTWORTH,  
Genl. Pass. and Ticket Agt. Chicago.

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Who Wants  
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500,000 Acres  
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LOW PRICES AND ON LONG TIME

They are situated along its railroad  
through the Central part of the  
State of Michigan from the  
Saginaw river nearly to  
the Straits of Macki-  
naw, and contain  
large tracts of  
farming  
lands  
as  
good  
as can be  
found in any  
part of the United  
States, are well tim-  
bered with hard-wood  
maple, beech, elm, oak, etc.,  
and well adapted to Grain, Stock,  
and Fruit growing. Soil, black sandy

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Grayling, Mich.

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ing at Grayling, Crawford County

Michigan, for a Subscrip-  
tion price of

\$1.50

PER. ANNUM

IN ADVANCE.

THE AVALANCHE

will be published in the  
interests of Crawford

County, will be a radi-  
cal Republican paper,  
and will at all times  
contain Home, For-  
sign and General

Time

\$ 1.50.

The Publishers of the  
AVALANCHE will en-  
deavor at all times to

make it a welcome vis-  
itor to every Fireside  
of Crawford County and  
vicinity.

SEND IN YOUR NAME

MAURER & MASTERS,  
Grayling, Mich.

THE AVALANCHE,  
REPUBLICAN.

Published every Wednesday, at Grayling, Mich. by  
MAURER & MASTERS.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:  
FOR ONE YEAR, \$1.50.  
FOR SIX MONTHS, .75.  
FOR THREE MONTHS, .40.

All communications and business  
letters should be addressed to the pub-  
lishers.

COUNTY OFFICIALS.  
Sheriff—David Landon.  
Clerk & Register—William R. Stecker.  
Treasurer—Rasmus Hanson.  
Prosecuting Attorney—John O. Hartley.  
Judge of Probate—Daniel S. Waldron.  
Circuit Court Com'r—Collins W. Wright.  
Surgeon—Frederick L. Barker.  
Coroner—Samuel Revel, William H.  
Sherrman.

FABER FANCIES

Wer weather, this  
Can your penches.

A tent gallery in town.  
Berries are about gone.  
See N. E. Britt's new "ad."

Who shot at Christ's chickens?  
The court yard is being cleared.  
Gaylord is to have another hotel.

Rarus was sold for \$35,000 last week.  
A few of our country friends are law-  
ing.

Goodie's mills not running to-day.  
No loss.  
All kind of fruit at the Postoffice.

The new school house at Bay City  
is nearly completed.  
W. W. Tracy, of Bay City, was  
in town yesterday.

Messrs. Hanson and  
tarned from Mackinac last Saturday.  
It is reported that pigeons are  
coming numerous in the woods near  
of here.

They all do it, a dingo has it, get  
their pictures of John G. McLeod.  
Strange but true—not a lightning  
rod or life insurance agent in this  
county.

Farmers do not neglect to bring in  
time samples of produce to be exhib-  
it at the state fair.

At the school meeting last Monday  
evening, Mr. J. M. Jones was elected  
Moderator for the term of three years.  
Mr. H. L. Lampert, agent at this  
place, will assist in packing and for-  
warding products intended for the fair.

The contract for clearing and build-  
ing the grounds for the county build-  
ings was given to D. H. Spoon, he be-  
ing the lowest bidder.

Mr. Thos. Hanson, of Center Plains,  
brought into our office yesterday, four  
monster turkeys, each one being a lit-  
tle smaller than a corn basket.

The large and commodious residence  
just north of the school house which  
is being built by Mr. Henry Mantz, will,  
when completed, be one of the finest  
dwellings in the village.

Now is the time to obtain views of  
Lookout hill and Portage Lake. No  
more beautiful pictures can be found  
to grace your dwelling than can be ob-  
tained from these two places.

Come down with your stamps dear  
readers of the AVALANCHE. A little  
of the life from those who owe us on  
subscription and advertising will give  
us a big boom.

Last week we stated that a resident  
of our town lost ten dollars. We did  
not state that it was lost at the sa-  
loon, and no person possessed of a rea-  
sonable amount of brains can construe  
our language to read in that way.

The revival of trade and the boun-  
tiful crops throughout the northern  
states are indications of general pros-  
perity, and will act as a gag on the  
months of the croakers who have been  
crying hard times to the discredit of  
the republican party.

Last week Messrs. M. S. Hartwick,  
Dr. Eldridge, of Chesaning, N. Hart-  
wick, Chas. Robinson, and Masters  
Jimmie Hartwick and Wesley Eldridge  
spent five days on the waters and  
banks of the beautiful Ausable, and  
returned looking hearty and having  
had a big time.

The entertainment given at the  
school house last evening was of a very  
interesting character. Although Prof.  
King's theories are somewhat out of  
the general line of thought, they are  
well worthy of due consideration and  
thought. The Professor will lecture  
at the school house some evening in  
the course of a week or ten days when  
all should go to hear him.

Photographs.  
For one week only, Mr. John G. Mc-  
Leod in now at Grayling, and will take  
pictures for one week. Everybody  
should avail themselves of this oppor-  
tunity.

Probate Judge Waldron was in town  
yesterday.

Of Interest to Pensioners.  
By an act of Congress approved  
June 21st, 1879, all invalid pensioners  
heretofore subject to biennial exami-  
nation are hereafter exempt from the  
same. All other examinations to wit,  
annual, semi-annual and special, con-  
tinued as heretofore.

By an act approved March 30, 1879,  
all pensioners requiring trusses can ob-  
tain the same, free of cost, by applica-  
tion to any United States examining  
surgeon, provided they have not been  
furnished with a truss by the govern-  
ment within the last two and a half  
years.

The biennial examination would  
have occurred on the 1st of this month,  
but the passage of this act makes it un-  
necessary. —Saginaw Herald.

Great Excitement at Roscommon.  
Yesterday, while hunting in the  
woods on Uncle John Trask's farm, and  
while crawling through a thicket after  
game he had shot, John Green found  
a spring from which water oozed that  
attracted his attention. Being similar  
to petroleum. He marked the spot,  
got his bird, and returned to make a  
more thorough investigation. Arriv-  
ing at the spot, where he first noticed  
it, he looked the ground over thor-  
oughly, and about 8 feet from there  
found it boiling out of the ground  
through a hole about one inch in di-  
ameter. He then gathered a portion  
of the oil, and let it settle a while  
in a glass, and found that he had struck  
petroleum. He then made an  
excavation beside the spring, directing  
the stream to it, let it fill, and brought  
a sample to Roscommon. It has been  
examined by several men who have  
had large experience in the petroleum  
business, and they pronounce it genu-  
ine petroleum. We await develop-  
ments. —Roscommon Pioneer.

From Center Plains.

CENTER PLAINS, Aug. 29, 1879.  
Editors Avalanche.—What is to be  
will be. Now for justice.

The first excitement was caused by  
Sheriff London's sweeping over Center  
Plains with flying steeds towards Pon-  
tiouson's. Then John Horn arrives at  
Center Plains foaming and frothing  
and with blood in his eye from Gray-  
ling, saying, "I'll show them how John  
Horn will get justice." The next ex-  
citement was nine mosquitoes making  
their way to the county seat, with him  
step, and the cry of justice in their  
lives. While at Grayling they seemed  
to be searching for justice on the jus-  
tice's office, and when they found it  
their exclamation at was so great that they  
postponed their business until the 10th.

School meeting was held in district  
No. 1 of Center Plains, at which the  
following officers were elected: Direc-  
tor—W. W. Knowles. Moderator—  
Jas. Curran. Assessor—Silas G. Bush.  
In district No. 2 the following were  
elected: Director—W. P. Wilcox.  
Assessor—Geo. Love. Assessor—C.

In district No. 6 the choice was as  
follows: Director—Thomas Hanson.  
Moderator—Ambros Arén.  
Well may the districts flourish at the  
closing of another year.

Base Ball.

We give below the score resulting  
from the match game, played between  
the Maple Leafs, of Otsego Lake, and  
the Roscommon club, on Friday last,  
at Roscommon, and which resulted in  
an easy victory for the former.

MAPLE LEAFS.

Runs.	Outs.	
Buell	7	1
Cartwright	6	2
Woodmanse	4	4
Fabo	5	3
McGure	5	3
Whalm	6	3
Abbott	5	3
Dalley	4	1
Firr	7	2
Total	47	27

ROSCOMMONS.

Runs.	Outs.	
Larkin	2	3
Martin	1	3
Parker	1	3
Fremont	0	1
Anger	0	4
Telford	0	3
Mack	0	4
Rogers	0	3
Cox	0	3
Total	4	27

MAPLE LEAFS.

Runs.	Outs.
Innings	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Runs	3 4 5 2 10 0 5 9 4

ROSCOMMONS.

Runs.	Outs.
Innings	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Runs	1 4 1 0 0 0 0 1 1

Score 47 to 4.

State Fair.

An effort is to be made, by those in-  
terested in the development of the  
Northern Counties of the Lower Pen-  
insula, to make at the State Fair, in a  
building especially designed for the  
purpose, a full exhibit of the Agricul-  
tural and Pomological products of that  
section. No pains will be spared to  
make this collection one of the most  
prominent features of the Fair at De-  
troit and Grand Rapids. Arrange-

ments have been made to meet all ex-  
pense attending the exhibition, after  
the articles are packed and delivered  
at the nearest depot. It is of im-  
portance that each and every section  
should be well represented, and know-  
ing you to be interested in the devel-  
opment of your county, we had  
thought that you would be glad to en-  
brace this opportunity to call atten-  
tion to the advantages of soil and cli-  
mate which your section presents to  
the settler, by making a full ex-  
hibition of its products; particularly as  
all exhibits intended for this Northern  
Michigan Fair will be carried free by  
the railroads. If you desire to make  
a collection, please communicate at  
once with the undersigned about the  
amount of room needed. If your  
section is to be fairly represented, work  
must be commenced immediately, as  
men are already actively at work in the  
other counties, and the space will soon  
be all assigned.

We would ask your attention to the  
following hints in regard to making the  
collection:  
All grains, and similar small objects,  
will be shown in uniform boxes holding  
about a peck each, so they may be for-  
warded in ordinary grocer's sacks,  
which should be packed in boxes or  
barrels, and contain a distinct label,  
with name of article, name of grower,  
name of collector, place grown, and  
yield per acre, for which blanks will be  
furnished upon application. Products  
should be shown, as far as possible, on  
the plants producing them. In the  
case of grains, if farmers are visited  
immediately, choice bundles may be  
chosen, from which by selection and  
arrangement, neat sheaves, about ten  
inches in diameter, can be formed  
which will be very attractive. Special  
effort should be made to show any  
good samples of such articles as tobacco,  
sugar cane, sweet potatoes, etc.,  
which are generally thought impos-  
sible to grow so far north, while such ar-  
ticles as do especially well and are of  
unusually good quality in your county  
as Hops, Peas, Beans, Potatoes, etc.,  
should be largely exhibited. Any un-  
usually large growth, either of native  
or cultivated plants, will tend to give a  
good impression of the fertility of your  
soil. Good use will be made of any  
statements of unusually large or good  
crops, or of any special advantages  
your section may possess.

Bear in mind that you are not asked  
to meet any of the expense of the ex-  
hibition, except to deliver the articles  
suitably labeled and packed at the  
nearest depot. If especially requested  
to do so, every effort will be made to  
return, unimpaired, any articles of suf-  
ficient value to warrant it. All articles  
intended for this Fair, should be ad-  
dressed to  
WILL W. TRACY,  
Northern Michigan Hall,  
Fair Grounds, Detroit.  
Any inquiries in regard to this ex-  
hibition, will be promptly answered by  
WILL W. TRACY,  
Traverse City, Mich.

POWELL BROS.,  
DEALERS IN  
Groceries & Provisions

TIN-WARE,  
BOOTS & SHOES,  
&c. &c. &c.

GRANULATED SUGAR 10 CENTS  
STANDARD A SUGAR 9 1/2 CENTS  
C SUGAR 8 1/2 CENTS  
BEAMS 11 CENTS PER LB.  
ALL OTHER GOODS CHEAP IN  
PROPORTION.  
Powell Bros.  
Otsego Lake, Mich.

Frank LaDow is the Boss Shoe maker in Michigan.  
He is prepared to make a  
FIRST-CLASS  
PAIR OF  
BOOTS  
ON SHORT NOTICE.  
Special attention given to  
all kinds of repairing.

LADIES  
will do well to bear in mind  
the fact that FRANK can  
do a good job of repairing.  
He also repairs  
CHILDREN SHOES.

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DRUGS, MEDICINES, AND NOTIONS.

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LORANGERS LINIMENT AND LIVER PILLS.

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BAY CITY AND ROSCOMMON.

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FURNITURE & UNDERTAKING

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BURIAL CASES, EXTENSION  
Tables,  
BEDROOM AND PARLOR SETS.

SOFA, CHAIRS, AND  
FURNITURE  
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VERY LOW PRICES FOR  
CASH.

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WAGONS, BUGGIES, SLEIGHS,  
and DEALERS in

Lumbermen's  
SUPPLIES

BOTTOM PRICES  
MIDLAND STREET  
WEST BAY CITY, MICH.

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Flooring,  
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FRAMES,  
CASTINGS, BRACKETS, MOLD-  
INGS, BALLUSTERS,  
&c. &c. &c. &c.

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PATENT  
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WEST BAY CITY, MICH.

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Prescriptions carefully compounded at all  
hours, day and night.

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Otsego Lake, Michigan.

FRANK'S  
SHOE SHOP,  
FOR  
DRESS BOOTS,  
HUNTING BOOTS,  
STOGIES or SHOES,  
All work done  
ON  
SHORT NOTICE,  
AND  
GUARANTEED.

ON  
SHORT NOTICE,  
AND  
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Keeps constantly on hand a large stock of  
BURIAL CASES, EXTENSION  
Tables,  
BEDROOM AND PARLOR SETS.







## Angel Footfalls.

While the breeze of early autumn  
Drifts across my window ledge,  
And the silver moon of harvest  
Glimmers through the foliage edge;  
While the undertone of nature  
Sings of days that are no more,  
I hear soft baby footfalls  
Under my chamber floor.

The smile of early morn  
When the world seemed hand and stern;  
When the bitter dailies  
Made my heart with anger burn;  
When my back was stooped with heaving,  
And my hand and heart were sore,  
God sent music with my footfalls,  
Baby footfalls on my floor.

Where the grass beyond the doorway  
Trampled down by baby feet,  
Made at least a narrow pathway  
Until path and highway meet.  
One by one I lost their footfalls  
Mingled in the highway's roar;  
So I hear to-night but echoes  
From my silent chamber floor.

Other baby feet that pattered  
In our cottage to and fro,  
Never found the dusty highway,  
Never the path of sorrow;  
But the white-toed feet of mercy  
Led them through the unseen door;  
Still in dream they tread the path  
Visit now my chamber floor.

I am gazing from my window  
At the rising harvest moon,  
Dreaming of an old man's fancies  
Of a harvest-gleaning soon.  
When the listening and longing  
And the watching shall be o'er,  
May my homeward-tolling children  
Find the waiting open door.

## THE HOME OF TWO WIDOWS.

A writer in *Lipincott's Magazine* tells the story related by Eustache, the ostension, to a party who was visiting Belle-Isle, near the coast of Brittany. He said:

"Five years ago Hubert Pichet married Françoise Albert. They were neither of them very young, for Hubert was at least 30, and Françoise was nearly as old. But it was quite a suitable marriage; they had always lived in the parish of Bangor, and had known each other quite well since they were children. Hubert had been a lobster-fisherman since he was a boy, and had saved a little money to marry upon, for he was not like some men that perhaps monsieur has seen who never can lay by a franc. He had a brother who was a year or two older than I was at that time (I am 23 now), and he had asked Jeanette Lafrance, of Port Philippe, to marry him. Others, it may be, had asked her similar questions, but Christopher Pichet was the one she preferred above all others."

"Was she pretty?" Rollic interposes. "Monsieur, she was then, and is still the most beautiful girl in Belle-Isle. Mer," and the gleam in the young man's eyes tells us more than his lips. "Christopher and Jeanette" he continues, "were to have been married six months after Hubert, but not long before the wedding a fish-trip brought two days. But the two men never came back, and Eustache's handsome face is quite sad as he says this. 'A dreadful storm came up and the vessel was wrecked. The other men on board of her were picked up by a foreign steamer, but Hubert and Christopher were washed ashore next day at the foot of the cliffs here below us. Ah, mademoiselle, that was a sorrowful day for the two poor women! It was long before they could be consoled, but after a time Françoise bought this little cottage that you see, and invited Jeanette, who was an orphan, to live with her; so they could always be near the spot where the two brothers were found. They have lived in the cottage ever since, loving themselves, and selling at Palais on market day. As Françoise was really a widow and Jeanette was so soon to be married, the place where they live is always called 'The Home of the Two Widows.' Eustache pauses here, but looks as if he had more to say; so Rollic asks him if he knows the two widows."

"But, yes, I know them," he answers. "Jeanette is a distant cousin of mine, and I frequently visit them to see if I can do any little thing for them. It was partly to see Jeanette that I suggested to monsieur the driving here to-day. And Eustache blushes just a little. 'If monsieur and mademoiselle must know,' he resumes, 'I have loved Jeanette for many years, even before Christopher Pichet asked her to marry. I think she has always liked me, but I think in the way I wished. But it is so long since Christopher died that I think she feels differently toward me now, and it is very lonely for her here, with only Françoise for company. I am not quite poor, monsieur. I have some money, and if Jeanette would marry me, I might live very comfortably in Palais. I have just now, when I said this to her, she said she must not leave Françoise, and Françoise said when she herself came here that she should stay here always.'"

"Could you not persuade Françoise to change her mind?" I suggest. "It would not be well for her to live in this lonely spot, entirely by herself, but if she would make her home with you and Jeanette in Palais, do you not think Jeanette would consent to marry you?"

A pleasant light comes into the young fellow's eyes. "Perhaps, mademoiselle," he says hopefully, and then we all get into the carriage. Our road leads us by the cottage, and as we approach it a beautiful girl, to whom Eustache lifts his hat, appears at the door.

"That is Jeanette," he tells us a little proudly. "If the young monsieur," he says with evident embarrassment, "would kindly consent to drive to the short distance across the road, and then return, I could stop for a few moments at the cottage."

Who could refuse a lover this little request? Rollic cannot, at all events, and he willingly takes the reins. Eustache thanks him very gratefully, and, leaving the carriage, is soon walking by the little path that leads to the cottage door. A short distance further on we notice the entrance to a beautiful valley which seems to extend across the island, and turning up this we find our route so charming that nearly an hour elapses before we return to the cottage. As we come in sight of it again we see Eustache waiting for us and looking very happy.

"Has she consented?" Rollic questions. "But yes, monsieur," he happily responds; "it is all settled. Françoise says that if Jeanette wishes to me she will come and live with me, good-for-nothing fellow that I am. And it will be very soon," he says, "that I will be a married man. Two weeks," Eustache answers him, "and if mademoiselle and the

young monsieur could come to the wedding, we should feel very much honored. Jeanette and I?"

"We could come over from Auray again," my nephew suggests eagerly. "I do not know that I care to undertake the journey again," I answer, "but you certainly might if it would give Eustache any pleasure."

"All right, Aunt Suel," and as the invitation is accepted on his part, Eustache looks, if possible, more happy than before.

The young Frenchman tells us all about himself and Jeanette in all the homeward drive, and we cannot help becoming exceedingly interested in himself and his fortunes.

"He is a better fellow even," Rollic says to me on our return, "than Jean Lafrance, whose wedding we attended at Auray last summer."

"You think so because he is nearer your own age, I imagine, Roland." "The next day, when I propose leaving for Auray, our good landlord's face is the picture of dismay. 'Leave Belle-Isle-en-Mer without having enjoyed the bathing! Mademoiselle must be joking. Is she not aware that people come from all parts of France for the bathing?' And she will go away without even thinking of it."

Monsieur Paradol has unconsciously raised his voice with each sentence, and the last one is almost a shriek. It is hard not to laugh, the little man is so very dramatic in his manner and gestures. I hesitate, and Monsieur Paradol sees that I do. From that moment I am lost. And my nephew only aids and abets our volatile landlord by suggesting that as I am fond of bathing, might as well stay here and enjoy it until after Eustache's wedding, and if anything is wanted from Auray we can send for it by the boat.

"And the month that we were to be at Auray?" I say to him. But I submit to my nephew, as I have done all night in the course of our travels in Brittany, and consent to remain in Belle-Isle. Monsieur Paradol is delighted, his little, gray-green eyes gleam with pleasure.

"Mademoiselle and the young monsieur shall not repent their decision," he assures us with much unctious as he leaves us, bowing low; and the dinner that he sets before us that day is one to be affectionately remembered. There are but few guests at Monsieur Paradol's establishment, and his wish to retain us as long as possible is quite natural. Still, I am bound to say that he appears strictly honest, and our hotel bill is perfectly reasonable in its charges.

A few more days go by very pleasantly. There is the bathing so much extolled by our landlord, and the drives and the walk to occupy our time, and the evening walks improve our time, and the evening letters to school friends in America.

But worthy Monsieur Paradol has evidently an uneasy feeling lest time should hang heavy on our hands, and one evening he appears at our open door with a tray full of books, which he deposits on a chair before speaking. "It is but to-day that I said to myself," says the little man retrospectively, "that the little man retrospectively, as he smiles graciously at us, 'that it might be that even with the bathing and the evening walks, the young monsieur might weary of our Belle-Isle-en-Mer, and wish to leave. I am distracted with the idea. I say to myself, 'What shall I do?' Alas! I can think of nothing; I am miserable. I say to my sister, 'The Americans have seen everything on the island; there is nothing but the bathing left, and it may be that they will not return to us.' Then my sister says, 'Auguste, you take them your books, and here mademoiselle will observe that I have done as my sister advised. They are not many, but if—' and he includes us both in a gracious bow and wave of the hand—"but if you will condescend to read them, they will occupy the time."

I think Monsieur Paradol for his attention and assuring him that we intend to remain a week longer is probably, he departs, looking much relieved. It is a miscellaneous collection he has brought—volumes left behind by several generations of travelers, I imagine, as so many different tastes are represented. Chateaubriand's "Atala" is the first book I took up, then a volume of Alfred de Musset, and next a paper-covered copy of the "Conspectus."

"If it should rain to-morrow," I say to Rollic, "we could pass the day very comfortably with Monsieur Paradol's books."

The morrow, however, proves to be bright and sunny, and my nephew and I go out for a walk towards the city walls, intending at dinner to have a carriage driven out to the Bangor lighthouse, which we were to have visited the day we went to the Roman camp; but forgot about it till too late in the day. Our walk about the town and its massive walls absorbs most of the morning, as we proceed quite leisurely, talking meanwhile of the walls and Vanban their builder, and then of our pleasant French driver and next a marriage. I am going to Auray to-morrow," Rollic says, "to purchase something for a wedding present for him; that is if you do not mind me leaving you for a day, Aunt Suel," he adds.

We see no one about the passage of the court yard as we enter the hotel on our return, but when we appear at dinner, two hours later, Monsieur Paradol greets us with a very grave grace. He says but little, however, and we are left to wonder what has come over our usually vivacious landlord till after the dinner, when as we are leaving the dining room, Monsieur Paradol says, "Will mademoiselle and monsieur stay but for a moment? I have something to say."

As we pause to listen to him he continues, addressing me: "Ah, mademoiselle, it is as if a son of my own were taken away. On this morning I said to my sister, 'When Eustache marries, Jeanette Lafrance will give him 800 francs, and I will have him to take my place at dinner;—and now, mademoiselle, it will never be. Eustache is gone; he is dead; and a tear glistens on Monsieur Paradol's red cheek."

"Dead?" I exclaimed in painful surprise. "How did it happen?"

"Dead?" cries Rollic, his lip quivering. "Oh, if I could but tell Monsieur Paradol, you cannot mean it. Why he was looking forward to taking us to Bangor this afternoon, and he took off his cap to us with such a pleasant smile as he drove off with those people from Vannes early this morning."

"But yes, Monsieur, it is all true. The two ladies from Vannes wanted him to drive to the cliffs between the camps of the Romans, and as one of them took off her glove to pick some flowers near the edge her ring came off

with it, and both rolled over the edge and lodged in a little hollow a few feet down. Eustache was always so polite—mademoiselle must know that—and he said that he would climb down and get them. The ladies said that it was too dangerous and that he must not, but Eustache said it could be very easily done. And so, Mademoiselle, it could have been on some days, for I know the place, and when a boy I used often to climb down a little way to gather a beautiful grass that grew there and nowhere else; but this time a strong wind must have been blowing toward the land and have sent the waves higher up than usual, for the ladies said the rocks looked very wet and slippery. Mademoiselle sees how it must have been with poor Eustache. Right before their eyes he lost his hold and fell into the sea. Jeanette and I heard him cry as he fell, and then they heard only the noise of the waves."

Monsieur Paradol pauses just here, much agitated, but in a moment he recovers himself and continues his sad story. "There was no way to help poor Eustache; there was no man or boat at hand; and so the ladies drove back and sent the first men they could find to look for the body of mon pauvre Eustache. Then they came and told me. Ah, mademoiselle, I am an old man and I have seen much trouble, but to-day is the saddest of all my life. Eustache was like a son to me, and when he was but a boy I brought him here; and the good man's voice trembles.

My own eyes are fast filling with tears, and as for Rollic, he has gone to his room, unable to hear more.

"Mademoiselle will pardon me for telling her what is only my own sad affair, but when I was a young fellow like Eustache I loved his mother, but she did not know it, and before I could summon courage to tell her she married Pierre Frentin. Ah, that was long ago!"

I think it best not to ask more about this, but inquire if Jeanette Lafrance knows of what has happened.

"But no, mademoiselle, although it happened so near her," I am wretched when I think of her," he exclaims, coming back to the present moment. "Ah, good mademoiselle," he resumes, as a thought strikes him, "is it you who shall tell the sad news?"

"I?" I exclaimed in dismay. The task is one that I would rather leave to another, but upon Monsieur Paradol's again soliciting me, I consent, and he drives over with me an hour later to the cottage of the "two widows."

Françoise meets us at the door, courtesying and smiling. Jeanette, she tells us, has gone out for a little walk, but will return soon. "Thinking that Françoise could best break the news to her companion, I tell what has befallen Eustache, and she, though much overcome, promises to tell Jeanette as gently as she can."

But it is not from Françoise that Jeanette hears the story. As we drive home by the cliff near the cemetery, she tells us that Jeanette is standing on the very edge, a rough looking fisherman near her; and both are looking down into the sea.

"She knows already, I fear," I say to Monsieur Paradol.

Leaving our carriages, we go toward the two, and looking down, as they were doing, we are just in time to see three or four fishermen lifting the poor body of Eustache from the sea. Jeanette is standing on the very edge, a rough looking fisherman near her; and both are looking down into the sea.

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## Some Quick Replies.

Dr. B—, who was for many years associated with the University of Virginia, was noted for his quickness of retort, and some of his replies, which are fading out of contemporary memory, are worthy of preservation. Once, many years ago, being on a visit to Washington, he thought he recognized a friend in the man who was immediately before him.

"How are you?" he said, clapping the supposed friend familiarly on the shoulder.

The stranger, turning stiffly, answered with some resentment: "My name is Hall, sir."

"I beg your pardon," said the professor. "I was looking for the Colonel."

On another occasion, as he was walking, looking intently in the street, a man coming in the opposite direction, and who was gazing with equal earnestness into a shop window, ran shoulder to shoulder against him. The stranger, drawing himself up with extreme hauteur, said:

"Why did you run against me?" "With equal severity," the professor answered in exact imitation of the questioner's tone and manner: "For precisely the same reason that you ran against me," and the encounter ended in a good-natured laugh.

A gentleman, coming into his office one day, said to Dr. B—:

"Doctor, why do you keep your room so hot? It is like an oven."

"I must," he answered promptly, "for it is here that I make my bread."

Many years ago this incident was told in one of the magazines; but the point was somewhat missed, as the contributor or printer made it *bake* instead of *make*.

On a visit to a New York publishing house, against which he had a claim for six hundred dollars, he was ushered into an office where one of the firm sat on a high office stool, pompously shelling letters. The professor stood awaiting recognition; but no notice was taken of him. Finally, the small business man, twisting himself around on his perch, said, in the most supercilious of tones:

"What?" "That?" said the professor, handing the order for the money.

The business was settled without another word.

A very tiresome civil engineer had been vexing the righteous soul of one of the University professors, who, for a joke, and to rid himself of the nuisance, sent him to Dr. B— with his engineering schemes, as to a congenial and sympathetic soul. He therefore came with high hopes, and unfolded his schemes several times with wearisome multiplicity of detail to the devoted professor, when the listener's impatience made itself felt. The engineer continued to say, "Just one moment, Professor, one thing more." Finally, his hearer's much-tried patience showed signs of utterly giving way, whereupon the patient asked him to say one thing more. Professor: "I have invented a short method of boring mountains, which I think will prove very valuable."

"My dear sir," burst forth the wearied listener, "if you would only invent short method of boring individuals you would indeed confer a lasting benefit upon the race." The engineer departed.

A would-be *littérateur*, who was the head of a large variety and notion business, was constantly annoying the doctor with his pretensions. On one occasion he said:

"Doctor, I have an idea." "No, no, my dear H—," said the doctor a little impatiently, "you are mistaken, you deal in notions, not in ideas."—*Scribner's Monthly*.

**Flooring a Lawyer.**

Rufus Choate, in an important marine assault and battery at sea case, had Dick Barton, chief mate of the clipper ship "Challenge," on the stand, and lodged him so for about an hour that at last Dick got his salt-water up and landed by the aid of being repelled by the ship's crew, and his batteries.

At the beginning of the testimony Dick had said that the night was as "dark as the devil and raining like heaven bells." "Was there a moon that night?" "Yes, sir," "Ah, yes! A moon?" "Yes, a full moon." "Did you see it?" "Not a mite." "Then how did you know there was a moon?" "I believe the sooner than any lawyer in the world." "What was the principal luminary that night, sir?" "Bimical light on board the 'Challenge.' "Ah, you are growing sharp, Mr. Barton." "What in blazes have you been grinning this hour for—to make me dull?"

"Be civil, sir. And now tell me what latitude and longitude you crossed the equator. Shout your joking." "Oh, I am in earnest, and I desire you to answer me." "I shan't." "Ah, you refuse to answer, do you?" "Yes—I can't." "Indeed! You are chief mate of a clipper ship and unable to answer so simple a question?" "Yes, it's the simplest question I was ever asked in my life. Why, I thought that every fool of a lawyer knew there ain't no latitude on the equator!" That shot floored Rufus Choate.

**To Attain Long Life.**

He who strives after a long and pleasant term of life must seek to attain continual equanimity, and carefully to avoid everything which too violently taxes his feelings. Nothing more quickly consumes the vigor of life than the balance of the emotions of the mind. We know that anxiety and care can destroy the healthiest body; we know that fright and fear, yes, excess of joy, become deadly. They who are naturally cool and of a quiet turn of mind, upon whom nothing can make too powerful an impression, who are not wont to be excited either by great sorrow or great joy, have the best chance of living long after their manner. Preserve, therefore, under all circumstances, a composure of mind—Which no happiness, no misfortune, can too much disturb. Love nothing too violently; hate nothing too passionately; fear nothing too strongly.—*Scientific American*.

An Italian bishop, while at a large dinner party, attempted to take a silver chafin dish in his hands. It was so hot that he put it down more rapidly than he intended, for the diver, who was accompanied by a priest, was the Athenian creed. As usual.

"I repeat, then, my question; how is it that you are able to sit out ship for the East Indies? If you do not know I will tell you. It is because the laws of your country are properly administered. If they were not, you would have no ships. Take care with the jury!"

There's a wide difference between printing a kiss and a kiss.

## FOR THE CHILDREN.

### Wash Dolly up like That.

BY KLEANOR KIRK.

"I'll be the goodest little girl that ever you did see. You'll let me take my dolly to church with you and me. It's too dreadful bad to leave her when we all go away; Oh! Dolly will be so lonesome to stay at home all day."

"Two such a pleading pair of eyes, And winsome little face, That mamma couldn't well refuse. Though church was not the place for dolls or playthings, she well knew. Still mamma's little maid Was always so obedient. She didn't feel afraid."

No mouse was ever half so still As this sweet little maid. Until the church bells rang through— Then this did come to pass; A dozen babies (more or less) Dressed in long robes of white, Were brought before the altar rail. A flash of heaven's own light."

Then Mabel sat upon the seat, With dolly held out straight, And this was what the darling said: "Oh! mamma, please don't wait, And wash my dolly up like that. Her name is Cosette."

The minister smiled and bowed his head: But mamma blushed yet.

### The Donkey's Lament.

"Oh, When I was a little ass, I cried and wailed and made a fuss. I'd thought to do, and do, and do, But that was long ago, my dear."

My master came one mournful day, And said, 'My little ass, don't grieve; 'Tis time that you should find a new place, And there was no more for me.'"

Now to you or me this little song would only have sounded exactly like the braying of a donkey, but a flock of geese, who were grazing near the singer, understood donkey language perfectly, and crowded around him to listen. The melody wound up suddenly and ceased as they approached.

"Isn't there any more?" said Mrs. Goose.

"Well, yes," answered the donkey, "there's a great deal more, but it isn't made yet."

"Who makes it then?" asked the gander.

"Well," answered the donkey modestly, looking down at his hoofs, "I do; it is my own sad experience."

"Really, it isn't at all bad," said the gander; "I could detect very few faults in the metre; to be sure it's a very easy metre."

"It was watching those young crows in the field at play," went on the donkey, still looking down at his hoofs, "and the sight recalled the days of my foalhood; and somehow, when much moved, my thoughts are apt to flow into verse."

"Do give us some more," said Miss Molly Goose; "I am sure there must be a little more, and it is so sweetly touching—what did your master do to you?"

The donkey cleared his throat several times, and then began again, stopping between the two verses to remark that the rope around his nose by which he was tethered made it very difficult to open his mouth wide enough.

"He tied me to a heavy cart, And dragged my head to make me start, And I'd no more to say or do, And I'd no more to say or do."

Now, all along the story reads, A stagger under heavy loads, And when I stop to rest and puff, He cannot stand at all enough."

At this point Miss Molly became so visibly affected that she was obliged to turn away and hide her head for a moment under her wing. "The cruel, wicked man!" she murmured. Then, after a moment's pause, she added, "Isn't there any more?"

"Yes, there's a little more," answered the donkey, and he began again—

"My master is a heartless fiend, Who said: 'I cannot think of a rhyme for you.'"

"Couldn't you make a new line altogether?" suggested Mrs. Goose. "Yes, I might do that, certainly," replied the donkey, "but," he added, regretfully, "it's a very nice line."

"Beamed 'mild' or 'put' in the gander. 'Beamed, you know—what do you say of a person who has eaten too many beans? It's not a common word, but that's an advantage, and it rhymes particularly well."

"It might do, perhaps," said the donkey, rather gloomily, "but, you see, I never was beamed."

"Who composed the music?" asked Miss Molly.

The donkey bowed so low that there was no mistaking the authorship. "I suppose those very long ears are particularly good for music," said Miss Molly.

"Well," answered the donkey, "as you have noticed, if I think I may say, without being accused of vanity, that I believe they are."

By this time the gander was becoming rather impatient of so many fine compliments.

"Well," he said, "you seem to have rather a turn for this sort of thing; it's a pity that you have to spend so much time drawing up water and fetching wood. If you had been able to take lessons in thorough-bass, and study the standard poets, you really might have succeeded somewhat better. As it is, I wouldn't advise you to spend much time on it. Come along, my dear ladies." He marched on with his train, Miss Molly following reluctantly. Once she turned back, and threw a sympathizing glance at the poet, who was rolling on the grass, with sad eyes, and murmuring softly, "Fiend!"

Fiend! I could only think of a good rhyme for fiend.—*Golden Hours*.

## THE HOUSEHOLD.

### Suggestions for the Sick-Room.

In preparing a meal for any one whose appetite is delicate, it should be made to look as tempting as possible. The tray should be covered with the whitest napkin, and the silver, glass, and china should shine with cleanliness. There should not be too great a variety of viands, and but a very small portion of each one. Nothing more quickly disgusts a feeble appetite than a quantity of food presented at one time.

The patient never should be consulted beforehand as to what he will eat, or what he will drink. If he asks for anything, give it to him, with the doctor's permission; otherwise prepare something he is known to like, and offer it without previous comment. One of the chief offices of a good nurse is to think for her patient. His slightest wants should be anticipated and gratified before he has time to express it.

Quick observation will enable her to detect the first symptom of worry or excitement, and to remove the cause. An invalid should never be teased with the exertion of making a decision. Whether the room is too hot or too cold; whether chicken broth, beef tea, or gruel is best for his luncheon, and all similar matters, are questions which should be decided without appealing to him.

Household troubles should be kept as far as possible from the sick-room. Squabbles of children or servants never should find an echo there. In the event of some calamity occurring, of which it is absolutely necessary the sufferer should be informed, the ill news should be broken as gently as possible, and every soothing device employed to help him to bear the shock.

Above all, an invalid, or even a person apparently convalescent, should be saved from his friends. One garrulous acquaintance admitted for half an hour will undo the good done by a week of tender nursing. Whoever is the responsible person in charge should know the patient's habits, and bear in mind those of whose discretion she is not certain, and the moment she perceives it to be necessary, politely but firmly dismiss them.

She must carry out implicitly the doctor's directions, particularly those regarding medicine and diet. Strict obedience to his orders, a faithful, intelligent nursing following of his instructions will insure to the sufferer the best results from his skill, and bring order, method and regularity into domestic nursing.—*Scribner's Monthly*.

### Curiosities of Food.

Man has been wonderfully ingenious from his infancy in the concoction of edible varieties. Apart from baked human thighs in Fetic, and bottled human



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